

Two Brothers

BY CLARA ASHMEAD.

Parker Longman, standing in front of his black board, with a sponge in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other, was absorbed as to the solution of a problem in descriptive geometry that he proposed giving his pupils in the class of the following day.

The surroundings indicated that it was the haven of a laborious scholar. The desk, spacious though it was, seemed to disappear beneath the mass of pamphlets, copy books, and medley of papers, the import of which their owner alone was in a position to fathom. At the other end of the room a book-case was ranged with rows of severely bound books exposed to view, their titles tending to inspire dismay to many intellects. Upon the mantelpiece, in lieu of a clock, was a bust in marble, representing Archimedes, the prince of geometers. On the walls, instead of pictures, scientific diagrams were displayed in wooden frames.

There was nothing conducive to the laughter loving aspect of life in this learned retreat, unless it was the servant himself.

Parker Longman was still a young man, not having reached thirty-five. His eye was clear and perspicacious, but his hair was somewhat thin on the top, from the effect of close confinement to study; his countenance, however, was expressive of both gentleness and good will.

Notwithstanding his age, he had already gained a name in the university circles as a professor of higher mathematics. Everyone esteemed him, for they recognized, at the same time that they did his talent, that his life was a laborious one, and devoted to his calling. They liked him as well for his sympathetic character, which attracted and charmed one as soon as he was encountered.

While he was thus scrutinizing in his solitude the mysteries of sine and cosine, a brisk knock resounded at the door.

"Come in," he said, without turning, somewhat annoyed at having been disturbed just at the very moment he believed he had grasped the solution to his problem.

Then changing his mind as to recognizing the importunate visitor, he gave up what had engrossed his attention, and instantly changed countenance, uttered an exclamation, and throwing the sponge and chalk upon the floor, rushed with open arms to greet the one who had just appeared.

"Jack, my little Jack!" he cried. "Am I indeed gazing upon your dear face?"

Jack was his brother, his junior by eight years; his "little Jack," however, was an officer in the regular army in Manila, who was proud of his appearance and who carried himself superbly in his handsome uniform.

The two brothers warmly embraced each other. The professor wept, laughed and cried anew and re-embraced the fine looking fellow with the frenzy of a nurse who had recovered her charge, then retreating a step, but without relaxing his hold upon him, as if to hinder him from escaping, he gazed at the young man with both delight and pride, and unceasingly repeated:

"Yes, it is you, my little Jack! It is your very self!"

Yes, it was Jack Longman, now Lieutenant Longman, who had for nearly two years been fighting in the Philippines, and who had returned to the states without his brother's cognizance, and thus had given him this delightful surprise.

His brother—no, it should not be so expressed, for Parker Longman had not only been Jack's brother, but father, mother, instructor, mentor, friend, his all—and even Archimedes himself, the unique spectator of this scene, must have trembled with emotion while witnessing the meeting of those two men that age had ripened and—that study and warfare had matured still more, but where the charm of re-awakened associations had brought tears of gladness to their eyes.

II.

Twenty years before they had also been together, but then sorrow had overshadowed their countenances, for their father, the sole living parent, had just left them to struggle alone in life's great contest. Their mother had preceded him by some years, and no one remained to them but some distant kinsmen, whose trite compassion had barely existed beyond some expression of sympathy.

When he realized that his end was near at hand the father had sent for his eldest son, whose mind was prematurely serious, and had commended little Jack to his keeping.

Gravely and slowly, inspired with the solemnity of the words, Parker Longman had replied:

"Father, I swear to devote my entire life to him!"

And as he bent over the open grave, while the earth fell upon the wood of the coffin with a sinister sound, Parker had repeated:

"My entire life to him!"

That very evening, when they had returned to the silent house that it was obligatory upon them to shortly quit, the elder brother had begun his work.

He watched with a mother's care until slumber had come to his little brother, and when the latter, exhausted from the fatigue of the day, was sleeping he remained persistently by the child's bed and meditated upon the extent of the sacred trust that he had undertaken, formulating at the same time a series of plans, of which personal abnegation was the base and Jack's happiness their unique goal.

In the most minute manner Parker had unfalteringly fulfilled his task. He did not permit youth or adolescence to sway him from his purpose. His life was embodied in one thought, and he gave a delicacy of expression to his fraternal tenderness that seemed unusual from the lips of one so young, but which deeply touched the hearts of all those who were witnesses to it.

An elderly cousin, their official tutor, had sent them both to school. That was the sole way in which he had concerned himself about them. And then Parker had lost no time in presenting himself to the principal, and had said:

"I have taken the place of a father to

this little boy. I must see him for a quarter of an hour each day; a child of his age has need of recreation, and I am not desirous of robbing him of any of it, but I must daily look to his health and progress."

The principal, a kind hearted man, had smiled and empowered him to do so.

Parker had always longed to be a soldier. His manifest trend for the exact science would have directly inclined him towards the Polytechnic school. But he renounced all idea of it. A military career would have separated him too much from Jack, and just at a time when his brother had the greatest need of him.

His brilliant studies once terminated, those about him were surprised to see that, notwithstanding his manifold capabilities, he sought the humble position of assistant professor in the academy he had just quitted. This he obtained at once and had been thus not only able to watch over Jack, but to participate in his education.

Between times he had worked for his own advancement, that he might thereby gather sufficient scientific knowledge to enable him to always command a professorship in some institution of learning. He it was who had prepared Jack for West Point, where the young man was well received. What a joyful day that was to the elder brother! With what legitimate pride he had knelt at the paternal tomb, and, as if in secret commune with his father, had said:

"I have kept my promise, sir. I have made a man of Jack! I have given him my life. It has all been for him!"

III.

Alas! The separation came in due time, and Jack went to fight in the east. He had a generous and ardent nature, a vigorous physique, and a heart that was imbued with both gratitude and tenderness. The younger brother's faculties were impregnated as well with those of his mentor's. Parker Longman had infused Jack's mind

exemplified, but an axiom, whose verity was apparent.

The poor scholar, greatly perturbed, began by demanding forgiveness of Archimedes for having permitted an artless young girl to usurp the thoughts which should have been reserved for the geometer, then his mind reverted to Jack.

But finally, he deliberated that he would not be less a professor of special mathematics because he had married an intelligent and learned young woman, and that he would, in no wise fall in his fraternal affection by giving Jack a charming sister-in-law.

And, having made this deduction the known quantity of the problem, he had arrived at the solution that nothing debarred him from loving Janet Caler with all his heart.

The young girl had reached her twenty-first year, and was both vivacious and agreeable, yet at the same time, of a serious nature, with a keen intelligence and warm heart. Without in any wise pretending to be pedantic, she was well informed, having acquired her knowledge through her love of learning, and Parker Longman it was who had been solicited by her father—who only concerned himself with "belles lettres"—to give the girl some mathematical instruction.

It was a perilous undertaking to teach a young maiden who, without being exceptionally pretty, had that grace which is more attractive still than beauty. Her tutor frankly devoted himself to his new task without any mental reservation. But by continually seeing two large blue eyes fixed upon his to better understand the mysteries of the calculation of angles, and two red lips repeating the propositions in trigonometry, it was the poor professor who had become the pupil, and who, in exchange for the science that he imparted, was taught another that is not to be found in books and whose theory formulates itself in three words.

Parker Longman hesitated to pronounce them. However, he had resolved to ask for the hand of Janet. But he was a scholar and very much in love, two reasons for being timid, and from day to day had delayed the execution of his decision.

IV.

Jack's return would give him the

touched by the reception that had been accorded his brother, and was charmed with his success. From that time Jack became as assiduous a vis-

itor returned. "I shall be charmed to see you married. It meets with my entire approval, and in turn, I want to avow that—"

"Ha! Had you any fellow?" Jack interposed, "you, also, are contemplating matrimony. And to think these savants whom everyone believes are so separated from all worldly things! But, I am delighted that my desire meets with favor in your eyes and I am certain your approval will be increased when I tell the object of my choice."

"Speak!" Parker urged.

"Well!" Jack went on, "my aspirations are to marry in the university set, and, as I do not want to mystify you, I shall at once tell you that the one I love and wish for my wife is Janet Caler!"

Parker tightened his hold upon the arms of his chair. His mind quickly reverted to the past, and his vow returned to him with renewed force. His dream of love and happiness must be buried in oblivion. "It must be so for his little Jack," he mentally ejaculated, and then, after a brief interval of silence, he unfalteringly replied:

"You say you love her, Jack. But she does she return your love?"

Jack smiled, and frankly rejoined:

"I feel sure of it."

Then Parker Longman, completely master of himself, said in a firm voice: "Very well, marry her, my boy! She is a charming young girl whose qualities I have long appreciated, and who is worthy of you. You should be very happy. This very evening, if you desire it, I will discuss the subject with her father, who, I feel confident, will not oppose the union."

And Parker Longman accordingly demanded and obtained from his brother the hand of Janet Caler, who did not seek to conceal the ardor of her joy.

VI.

That night, upon his return, the elder brother gazed at length upon a large portrait of his father that hung in his bedroom, and with whom he frequently conversed:

"Well, father, have I not kept my vow?" he murmured. "Has it not been all for our dear little Jack?"

And although it was very late he went to his study and plunged into a calculation that preoccupied him until the grey dawn brought slumber to his weary eyes.

Arrested For Having a Chill.

A man was arrested in Brooklyn yesterday for the crime of having a chill. He got on a Flatbush avenue trolley car at Malbone street to ride down town. Two sleuths attached to a local precinct were on the car and they noticed that the man trembled violently. He seemed to be greatly agitated over something, and the sleuths decided to watch him. Every time the car passed a policeman it seemed to the detectives that the man's agitation increased and that he trembled more violently.

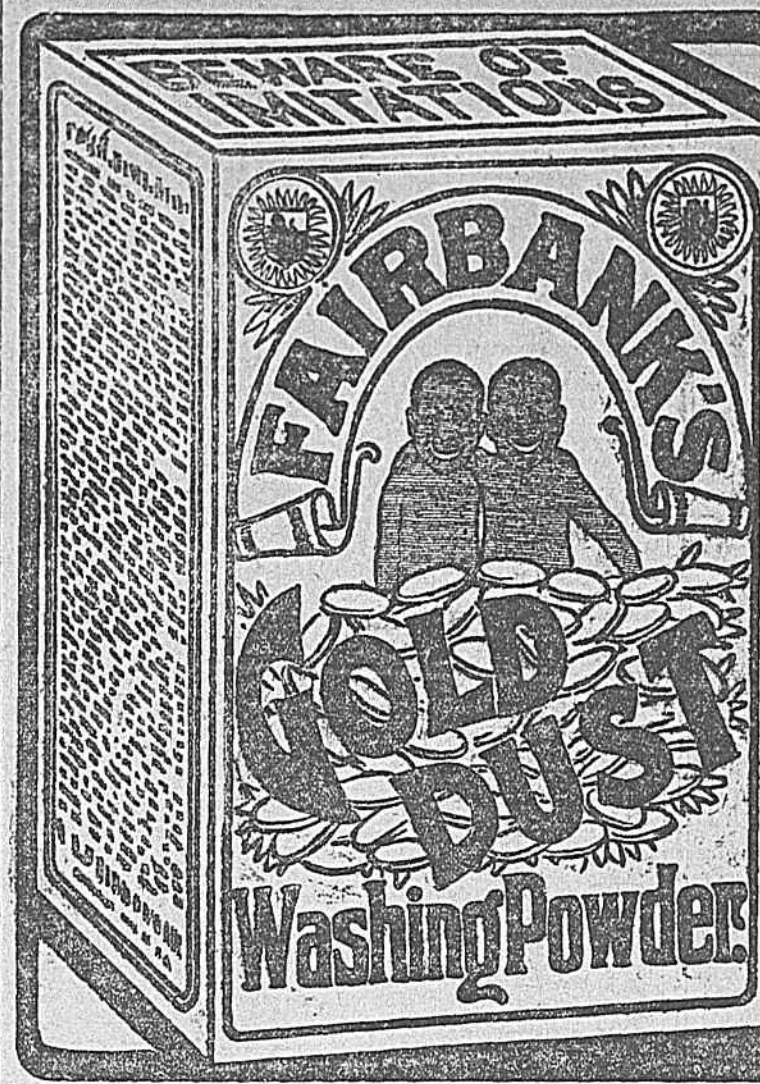
After awhile he turned up the collar of his coat. The sleuths winked at each other significantly. The fellow was trying to avoid recognition. That was plain.

The man left the car when it reached the Brooklyn end of the bridge and the sleuths followed. Two policemen were standing nearby, and it seemed that at sight of them the man shrank like a leaf.

The sleuths boarded the next car for Manhattan, and the man with a chill went shuddering in the way to the doctor's—New York Times.

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with his own resolute energy, and at the same time with his affectionate inclinations. A frequent correspondence was continued between the two, reciprocally pervaded with the noblest sentiments.

But there came a time when this fraternal affection no longer sufficed to Parker Longman; he felt that his heart could beat for another being as well as for his brother.

The discovery gave him both anxiety and remorse. It was his custom to spend many of his evenings with his colleague, Professor Caler, who held a position in the same institution as himself. One night, upon arriving at his friend's house at the customary hour, he was surprised of the fact that Janet, his daughter, was too ill to make her appearance in the little library.

The emotion that this news caused him, although it was an indisposition fraught with no danger, together with the void that her non-appearance had brought him and the anxiety he manifested upon his return home to gaze upon a photograph of a group wherein the young girl figured with her parents, a picture that he had guarded with the most jealous care, had demonstrated to him with mathematical inflexibility that he was in love with Janet Caler.

It was not a theorem that had to be

Parker returned home profoundly